

## PASSING OF THE OLD CREMERIE

Famous Eating House for Years a Political Forum.

Popular Resort for Many Noted Men of Kansas.

CHRISTENED BY EUGENE WARE

Many Good Stories Have Been Told at Its Tables.

Arthur Kane Originated Its Club House Sandwich.

The passing away of the old Cremerie restaurant a few days ago, to make way for the new Cremerie restaurant which will be opened in September, brings back many memories of the earlier days of this famous eating house. For years it was the political forum of Topeka and of Kansas. Other restaurants came and passed away, being merely places to eat and to hustle away. The Cremerie was different. It was the meeting place of politicians, newspaper men, lawyers and business men and the topics of the day were intelligently discussed.

Eugene Ware, the poet "Ironquill," was one of the many who lunched there for many years. Ware, by the way, named the Cremerie. Frank Montgomery, an old Topeka journalist, and remarkable for his story telling ability, always gathered a crowd around him after the meal hour.

The late John Seaton, of Atchison, who represented his district in the legislature continuously for years, was a patron of the Cremerie during the legislative sessions and every time he dropped into the city.

Charles S. Gled and J. W. Gled, the lawyers, began lunching at the restaurant many years ago and continued to be frequent visitors up to its close.

Two noted Kansas jurists, Chief Justice W. A. Johnston, of the supreme bench, and former Justice A. W. Benson, now an instructor in the Washburn Law school, were regular feeders.

The late Charles J. Devlin always lunched there. Devlin was a mighty eater and his place at the lunch counter could always be noted by the vast number of plates and dishes heaped up beside him.

Parcell's Indian Stories.

Ike Parcell, of Waikiki, whose famous Indian stories gained him a wide reputation, told those weird tales at the Cremerie on his visits here.

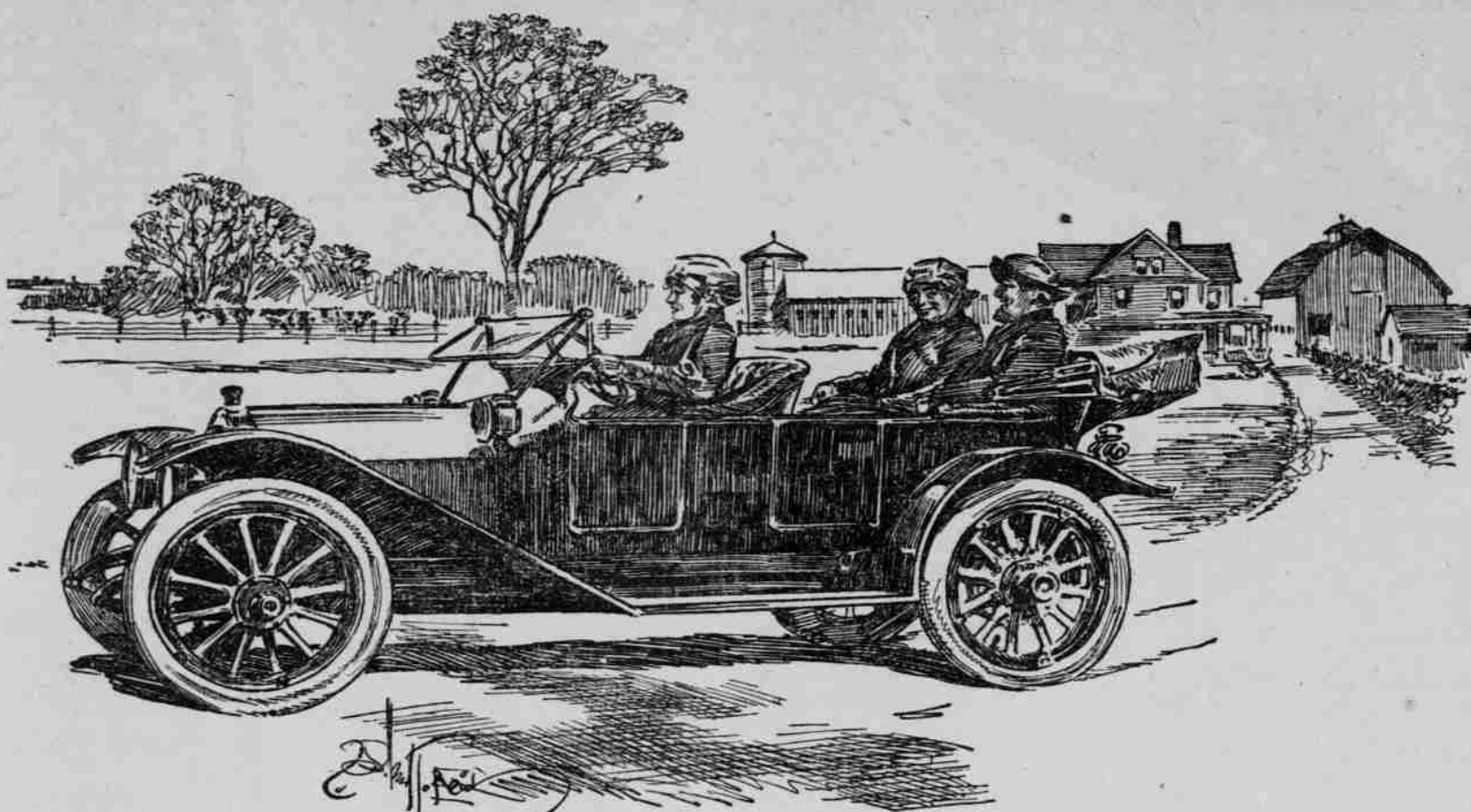
C. H. Tuttle, the agent for the Seaton foundry, makes his headquarters at the Cremerie and has done so for years.

Furman Baker first started eating at the restaurant before many of Topeka's high school graduates were born.

When Frank Jarrell first landed in Topeka as correspondent for the Kansas City Times, his first meal was at the Cremerie and he has found occasion to feed there frequently since that time. His roommate, F. L. Vandegrift, now editor of Earth, and at that time Topeka correspondent for the Kansas City Star, ate at the Cremerie for a few months. The waitress, however, insisted on putting the cream and sugar in Van's coffee instead of letting him take the job, so he quit and fed at the old Bower house until he married.

State officers, from governors down

## AUTOMOBILE TRAFFIC IS HEAVY THROUGH KANSAS THIS MONTH



—Albert T. Reid in Kansas Farmer.

Automobile traffic has been heavy through Topeka in the last two weeks. Long distance travel is increasing each year and is particularly popular this season because of the Pacific coast expositions. There will be much cross country travel this month and in September and October.

The automobile is here to stay. It was but a few years ago that only the rich could indulge in motoring. To-

day persons of average means enjoy the exhilaration of daily "spins," or of extended tours. Year by year the prices drop and it is freely predicted that the time will come when even the thrifty laboring man will have his runabout or touring car.

The auto has served a useful purpose not only in providing transportation, but in creating a sentiment in favor of good roads. Highways in

Kansas have undergone a marvelous transformation in the last few years. Hundreds of good roads meetings have been held. In many instances, it is true, they have resulted merely in the passing of resolutions, yet in the aggregate they have stirred county officers to action and even business men have on occasions taken a day off to use the pick and shovel in road work.

Charles Patrick has always eaten at the Cremerie.

Among the old politicians and lawyers who lunched at the restaurant and who are now dead were Archie L. Williams, David Overmyer, G. C. Clemmens and Judge Isenhart.

The Cremerie was the clearing house for political dope for years. When it opens in the fall it will undoubtedly take its old place again. The success of the Cremerie was largely due to the good common sense and civility of Clarence Scott, whose retentive memory, remembrance of faces and his everlasting willingness to do anyone a favor, were the restaurant's greatest assets.

## TO MOVE ON AUG. 13.

Rock Island's Office Will Go to K. C. Next Friday.

Maybe Friday, the thirteenth day of the month is a hoodoo day. Maybe it is not. Anyway the offices of J. A. Stewart, general passenger agent of the Rock Island, will be moved on this date.

Just whether or not there will be new offices take the place of the passenger office in Topeka is unknown. A Rock Island official stated this morning that a time card room would be established in a part of the offices left vacant and possibly some of the remaining offices would be placed in other vacant rooms. Stewart's offices go to Kansas City.

## JOY RIDING IN A JITNEY

(By One Who Knows.)

The newspaper man listened to the siren song of jitney joy riding, was tempted and fell. Today the reporter is an apostle of the faith that the age of miracles has not passed. He treasures his memory of that one night stand in jitney society with recollections of a night assignment on Crane street, an interview with Emma Goldman and a joint debate with an insane patient as to whether the patient or the reporter ought to jump off a seven-story office building.

When the reporter first came to Topeka from a little country town in the green grass district, Kansas avenue was blisters on his feet. Then the reporter graduated as a road bumpety-bump-bump street cars when he covered an assignment. Once on a state occasion, he went in a sea-faring hack to interview a society queen about a choice morsel of gossip and scandal. But up to this time the reporter had accorded the jitney car the polite, dignified respect that becomes an innovation. He respected the jitney just as he boxed in the new gowns and dances that dazzled his eyes and sent him to his rooms for a sleepless night.

Real Friendly Friends.

Then came the night when the newspaper man was to really ride in one of these new conveyances. It was a quartet of kindly disposed and well meaning friends who engineered the outing—the word outing being used with brakes set and lamps lighted. The friends were really friendly. The reporter refused to believe there was the slightest premeditation or malice. It was a lovely evening and the big touring car owned by a member of the party was in a hospital which some sort of intestinal trouble—that was the reason for the jitney.

It Wasn't a Ford.

In a telephone order for a car, it was specifically stated that a Ford was not desired. A voice at the other end of the wire assured the reporter. The jitney company had just the thing the party desired—and it wasn't a Ford. It was delivered for use by the rubberneck party at \$1.50 an hour. At that time no one suspected that the harmless looking driver was born to create a new interpretation of the Jekyll and Hyde drama. He was so soft spoken, so thoughtful, so thoughtful that even the ladies in the party deposited their lives in his keeping without controversy.

Where would the party go? That was right. They parleyed for a minute. But the driver of that innocent looking devil wagon had looked at his watch and the reporter remembered that it was costing \$1.50 an hour for debate.

"Oh, just anywhere—just slant around town awhile," was the reply. The driver smiled and bowed and helped the ladies enter the car. He was a regular Nat Goodwin, that driver.

Ripping, Roaring and Groaning.

Out Sixth avenue the party started. Just at the start, things didn't go quite right. There was an awful ripping and roaring and groaning somewhere inside the machine. The reporter thought of the happy days back on the farm when someone dropped a monkey wrench in the threshing machine. But the driver had more confidence than a bush league pitcher. Nothing was all right. The driver explained that something wasn't working just right, but would run like a new sewing machine after it started. Then the car got under way—g-r-r-r—p-boom-g-g-g-r-r-r-lump—just like that. Out Sixth avenue the jitney joy riders started—six miles an hour. Three blocks on the way, the reporter was certain that the car was of the vintage of 1904. Eight blocks from the start, the driver admitted the newspaper man had placed the date line two years ahead.

Jog-city-jog-jog-jog.

The party rode nearly to Mulvane street when the chauffeur tickled the thing in a place. It jumped and cried like a night prowling cat that had been hit with a shoe. The reporter grabbed the side of the car. The driver had humped the speed of the

machine from six to thirty miles to take the turn and the car missed the concrete curbing by inches.

What Street, Please?

"This is the finest street in Topeka—lots of millionaires along here," explained the affable driver who sought to conceal the growing impression that the party was going to the races with a tin tub full of loose bolts.

Suddenly a bunch of wheels somewhere inside the car got off the track and telescoped. The reporter knew the horrors of war and the terrible carnage in the march toward Warsaw.

But the car got under way again. The reporter forgot war stories and leaned back to enjoy life. There was another turn ahead. Everyone knew it. The car had speeded up and the machine swung onto the Washburn car line tracks and headed east.

Jog-city-jog-jog-jog.

A street car threatened a rear end collision and the driver turned out to let the street car have the right-of-way. That jitney threatened to plow up an innocent man's parking, but the driver was a real hero and he guided the thing back to the paved street.

S. O. S. Street Car!

Jog-city-jog-jog-jog.

There was a street car standing on a siding and the driver of the jitney slowed down lest the street car collide with his human freight. He managed to miss that street car nearly a foot. He continued to follow the street car tracks—from Mulvane street to Jackson.

The party was due to see the town. Down Jackson street driver guided his car past the police station and the Provident association. Would the driver please take the party to Garfield park? Sure thing. The accommodation man at the wheel started to swing into Second street, scraped a box car and hit Kansas avenue and cobbled stone pavement with a full head of steam.

What, No Brakes on It?

Just when the pride of 1902 automobile creations jumped past a horse and buggy on Melan bridge, the driver confided to the reporter the need of caution in handling his car. There were no brakes on the machine. Or if there were, they might as well have been webbed feet on an airship. They didn't work.

The reporter wondered what might happen if brakes should become necessary. But he rested when the car settled down to its home-like six miles an hour. Just ahead, though, the driver saw an approaching street car. By this time the reporter knew that the street car was the born enemy of the jitney. He knew that driver would never be satisfied until he knocked the street car into the next voting precinct. So the man in charge of that 1,800 pounds of tin, iron and rubber threw more juice into the engine and headed for the car tracks.

There vines another groaning and grinding of loose bolts and wheels. The engine whined and wheezed and coughed and sneezed—just as it had done a hundred times on the trip and the driver of the car had started back to town—alone.

Villa Executes Chihuahua Treasurer.

El Paso, Tex., Aug. 7.—Arrivals from Chihuahua city today declared that Sebastian Vargas, Jr., state treasurer of Chihuahua, was executed Wednesday on orders from General Villa.

ONLY BIG SHOW COMING TO TOPEKA

CIRCUS DAY MONDAY AUGUST 16

RINGLING BROS

CIRCUS AND COLOSSAL PRODUCTION

SOLOMON

AND THE

QUEEN OF SHEBA

GREATEST SPECTACLE

1250

CHARACTERS

300 DANCING GIRLS

CHORUS OF 400 VOICES

ORCHESTRA OF 90 AND 735 HORSES

EVER STAGED

PRODUCED AT A COST OF \$1,000,000

A STUPENDOUS EPIC DRAMA OF THIRTY CENTURIES AGO ENACTED UPON THE BIGGEST STAGE IN THE WORLD

WORLD'S GREATEST AERIALISTS

89 RAILROAD CARS LOADED WITH 1000 ALL NEW WONDERS

THE

385 ARENIC ARTISTS

50 FAMOUS CLOWNS

2 Performances Daily, 2 & 8 P. M. Doors Open 1 & 7 P. M.

Admission and Reserved Seat Ticket Sale Down Town Circus Day at Rowley's Drug Store, 600 Kansas Ave. Prices Exactly the Same as at Circus Grounds.

108 CAGE ZOO

41 ELEPHANT ACTORS

AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M. PRECEDING FIRST PERFORMANCE

BIG NEW STREET PARADE

ONE 50c TICKET ADMITS TO ALL CHILDREN Under 12 Years HALF PRICE

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## DOTTY DIALOGUES



"There's something queer about this place; It always makes me shake."

"Be careful not to turn your face. I think I see a —"

To complete the picture, join the dots with a pencil line. Begin with No. 1 and take them in numerical order.